The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined Together, let not Man put Asunder."

VOL. VIII—NO. 9. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1871. WHOLE NO. 191.

Editorial Notes.

Swedenborg says there are marriages in heaven, and heaven itself is a marriage.

Miss Larned's health has very much improved at Saratoga. She has promised her first story to The Revolution.

Some case-hardened old bachelor says there is more love in a flour barrel than in a flower garden. We often meet with men who seem to have more stomach than heart.

Matthew Arnold says the object of religion is conduct; and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh has accepted an invitation from the Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, Conn., to become their pastor, and finds herself very much interested in her new work. She will be one of the regular contributors to our journal.

Harriet Prescott Spofford has written a praiseful and discriminating article on the new California poet, Joaquin Miller. She thinks the topmost reach of appreciative welcome, and acclaim cannot meet the demand of what is best in the man and his book; which is saying a good deal, certainly.

Mr. Emerson somewhere says that "Nature is not so helpless but it can rid itself at last of every crime. An Eastern poet in describing the golden age said that God had made justice so true to her nature that if any wrong lurked anywhere the blue field of the heavens would shrivel to a snake-skin and cast it out. Truth gathers itself spotless and unhurt after all our surrenders and concealments and partisanship, never hurt by the treachery or ruin of its best dependants, whether Luther or William Penn or St. Paul."

Mrs. Stanton plucks new pleasures at every step of her California journey, and writes to her friends here in a vein of extravagance and spirit of enthusiasm which lead us to suspect that her life has been renewed by the exhilarating air and magnificent scenes. She thinks young girls are the flowers, the sunshine and the music of our social life; and we know of no matron who has preserved more of girlhood than Mrs. Stanton herself.

Mrs. N. Joslyn Gage has published a small Woman's Rights Catechism, which presents the subject in clear and striking manner. To the question, Is woman's life protected the same as a man's life? she replied, No; all protection comes through the ballot. If a woman is a criminal, she is accused by laws she had no hand in framing; tried before judges she had no voice in electing; judged by a jury not of her peers, and condemned or acquitted, as these combined forces decide.

The acquittal of Mrs. Colburn, whose trial on the charge of poisoning her first husband we mentioned last week, was almost a matter of course No case could be made out against her, and in the midst of the trial the plaintiff ran. Her acquittal filled a very large circle of friends and acquaintances with intense joy. But, strange to say, some people delight in suspecting wickedness, and are dissappointed and chagrined whenever a prisoner is acquitted, especially if the accused is a woman. We wonder what sort of mothers some editors had.

We are happy to learn that a Girls' Lodging House has been opened in St. Marks Place. The building was purchased last spring, and has cost about $28,000. The rooms are cheerful and airy, though plainly furnished Boarders are provided for at $1.50 per week, or meals are furnished at six cents, and lodging at the same figure. Friendless girls, who are destitute of funds, may pay for their board by assisting in household duties until some other resource is open to them. This is designed as a temporary stopping-place, not a home, and for young girls only. We sincerely hope it is all that it claims to be, and that it is no way connected with any scheme of sectarian proselytism.

One of the most delightful afternoon trips that we know of is to Sandy Hook and back on the Plymouth Rock, which is a beautiful boat with complete and admirable appointments. The cool, refreshing air is full of invigoration, and the sea-breeze soon blows the recollection of the hot streets and sweltering masses of people of the city back in a dim and delightful reminiscence, as the beauty of the bay and the lovely shores of Staten Island, and Bay Ridge, and New Jersey, with gliding steamers and swan-like ships sailing between, takes possession of eye and mind. A moonlight evening on the water, with soft strains of music melting into dreamy loveliness of the time and scene, especially with a poetic friend to discover resemblances to Raffael's angels in the silvery clouds, and points out now a mountain range, and now a minaret, in the changing panorama of the sky, while each new shape of beauty catches up the thought into a region of mystery and wonder, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. Those who cannot escape from the pent up streets and wearying occupations of the city for long vacations, should make the most of these occasional excursions.

A number of the prominent women of Washington have just inaugurated a philanthropic enterprise of unusual character and excellent promise. They recently visited in person a number of the fashionable haunts of vice in that city, and conversed freely and frankly with the keepers of them upon their business, inmates and visitors, and gained more insight into the causes, character and supports of the social evil than they expected. They ascertained that almost every inmate of these houses was first a victim of masculine deceit and passion, and only resorted to a bad way of life when every other avenue seemed hopelessly shut against her; and that most of them would only too gladly avail themselves of the first opportunity of quitting it for respectable employments. They ascertained that these establishments derive most of their revenues from married men. One of the houses, a fashionable and well-furnished establishment, was kindly offered to the visitors as a reformatory, provided they would furnish the means for carrying it on; and for this purpose these women have appealed to the Christian public for generous donations. This movement seems full of promise. It is animated with a kind spirit, and that truly sisterly sympathy which recognizes the possibility of good in every soul, and would save and uplift rather than smite and condemn. This indicates a method of reform which may lead to most important results, and certainly deserves careful consideration.

A great number of women are announced as lecturers and readers for the coming season, and almost every day we are urged to set forth the graces and attractions of some new candidate for platform favor. But from conscientious convictions of duty to the public in general and to women in particular we are usually obliged to refuse even this slight favor. In the first place, lecturing is the business of a profession, and but very few persons are fitted for it by original gifts and the requisite training. The number of really good lecturers in the country is very small; and the lyceum can be maintained and made one of the educational forces of the land, only by securing the services of gifted and accomplished lecturers. It is no advantage to any woman to rush upon the platform, unless she is able to compete successfully with the best lecture talent of the country; and it is simply an impertinence for her to ask the attention of audiences simply because she is a woman. Every incompetent woman who appears before the public invites disparaging criticism to her sex as well as to herself. We say unhesitatingly to every woman who dreams of entering the lecture field, Unless you have something better to say than most men, and can say it better than they can, don't. If you want money, write, wash, put one-half the time, thought and earnestness and wear and tear of nerves into any occupation in the world that you would have to put into lecturing, and you will probably earn twice the money you will ever wring from reluctant lecture committees.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"A man must attend to his business, whether his wife is happy or not." These words were uttered in our hearing. They started a train of reflections which may suggest matter for thought to the mind. Is it true that a husband must attend to his business whether his wife is happy or not? Is business of more account than the happiness of a wife?

Probably when the question is asked in this bald, direct way, most husbands would answer it in the negative. They would allow that the happiness of a wife is a thing of considerable account. But how many husbands ever put the question in any such way? To how many does it occur, in any shape whatever, that their business interests and domestic happiness may be opposed to each other, and that to have a truly delightful home they must surrender some of the ambitions of the counting-room and broker's board? Almost every man seems to assume that his wife's interest is identical with his own, and thence concludes that her happiness is his own; and finding his interest and delight in his business, he cannot understand how she should not be supremely happy so long as he makes money, and his ventures float on favoring seas. If her wardrobe is bountifully supplied—if she has jewels, and carriages, and a summer at the seaside or among the hills, and a party every season, what more can the poor woman want?

Yet, just here is the rock on which so many matrimonial ventures are wrecked. The husband does not mean to be inconsiderate or unkind. He has his business and becomes absorbed in it. It is his meat and his drink. He enjoys its excitement. It brings him in contact with all that is stirring and grand in the great world. It is his education, and day by day it steals his heart away from the wife of his youth, who is left at home to attend to petty cares, and worrying trifles, and the thousand nothings that go to make the sum total of a wife's and mother's life. He forgets that she needs the attentions, the sympathy, the interest, the support, the cheer, the advice, the strong arm put behind her weakness, just as was his wont in those early days when love was young, and they two walked together in the moonlight, with plighted vows, believing that nothing on earth could ever wean them apart. And now, without infidelity or unkindness, he has yielded to the charms and entanglements of business, which, like a mistress, has stolen his heart; and she, poor woman, is not content with a fine establishment, and silks, and cashmeres, and diamonds, and the assurance that he is making money! What can this poor thing be made of?

Made of the same stuff that all humanity is composed of; made with an inappeasable appetite for sympathy, affection, notice, and companionship. Made to respond to kindness, noble thoughts, loving attention, and thoughtful care. Made with a heart that must be miserable if it does not feel the throb of another heart answering to her own. And the husband who allows his business to come between him and his wife, and rob her of the love, and kindness, and attention, which are her right and her life, is just as unfaithful as though he were to turn from her to smile upon another woman.

It is this sacrifice of domestic happiness to other interests that we complain of and condemn. Man and woman stand together in the home and the great partnership of life, to compliment each other's gifts and endeavors with sympathy, advice, and cheer. The more closely they approach each other the more perfect each relation of life, and the more complete each joy will be. It is the supreme interest of every man to have a happy home; and the happier that one sacred place is—the more beautiful, the more attractive, the more helpful in its varied ministries—the richer and the better man he will be. There is no business success that can be compared for one moment in importance to any man to that of making his home a heaven by the purity of its spirit, the beauty of its attractions, and the charm and cheer of its inmates and its joys. And to secure that domestic happiness requires but little time and attention in comparison with what most husbands give to unnecessary engagements, and throw away upon trivial affairs. It is the neglect of home, and the wife who is its centre and queen, that open the way to infidelity, and vice, and misery. But the more considerate a husband is of the happiness and welfare of his wife, the more she will repay his love and attention in devoted offices, and a sacrifice as fragrant as the perfume of the crushed rose.

DID IT HURT MUCH?

The papers tell us that John Wilson, of Davenport, Iowa, recently whipped his wife, and his fine, with the costs of court, amounted to $21.85. According to the Dubuque *Times*, one of the policemen of that city indulged in this species of recreation, for which he was obliged to pay $5. These are pretty small fines for flogging human beings, and the only conclusion we can come to in the premises is that whipping does not hurt women much. At any rate, so the courts assume. Beating a man is a penitentiary offence. Cruelly beating a horse entails a heavy fine, if not something worse. But beating a woman costs somewhere between five dollars and twenty-five. It is well to note the exact price of this species of amusement, and to reflect upon the estimate of woman it indicates.

We are often told that women do not need the ballot; that men are gallant, and will lovingly grant them more than they can ask. The gallantry of the lash is not generally in favor among civilized people. The rattan, the switch, the whip, the poker, the broomstick, the horse-hide, the knout, all these instruments of torture may have been very serviceable in other days; but our women of delicate organization, and fine culture, and sweet accomplishments, do not take kindly to them. In fact, there seems to be an impression among women generally that whipping hurts; that it not only pains and lacerates the body, but hurts the feelings, wounds pride, mortifies self-respect, and inflicts irreparable degradation. It reduces the human being to the level of the brute; and yet this infliction costs the vile wretch who makes it from five to twenty dollars. That is just how much men, in their supreme gallantry, think whipping hurts a woman.

We have been told repeatedly that the laws of Iowa, as related to women, are more just and humane than those of other States. What are we to think of the legal status of women in the other States, when in Iowa it costs only from five to twenty dollars to whip a woman? Gentlemen, what say you to this thing? How much would a good sound whipping hurt you? How many dollars will you charge for a sound beating? Is your wife any less sensitive in body or in soul than you are, so that the lash shall produce less writhing in her flesh and in her mind? Or, is she so inferior to you, and so brutish, that a whipping which would sting you into agony and rage does not hurt her much?

Whether women need the ballot while a husband can whip his wife for from five to twenty dollars, is a question that does not need much debate. It can be safely left to the consideration of all the parties concerned. Of course, the women who are willing to be whipped on those terms will not care for the ballot, and probably the men who love to exercise their authority over their wives in this way, at the least possible expense, will all agree that women can safely trust to the gallantry of the other sex. Thus, the whippers and the whippees can have things their own way; but, if we mistake not, most women, and a large majority of men, do not belong to either of these classes: and it is for them to unite in saying that such inhuman and barbarous practices shall cease, by giving woman the power to protect herself at the ballot-box and in the court. Grant her that right, and we shall see whether whipping hurts her much.

DISABILITIES OF WOMEN.

In its capacity as a reforming agency, doing its best to bring about a radical and vital change in the social system, at least so far as the disabilities of women are concerned, THE REVOLUTION does not forget that it owes a peculiar duty to that large class of our fellow-beings and sufferers known as workingwomen.

It is a common thing in the discussion of the interests of this class, to hear much said concerning their want of thoroughness, and disinclination to prepare for and accept any calling or trade as a life-work as men do. Women are blamed for this, and many of the trials from which they suffer are attributable to this cause. There is no doubt at all that it is one very great source of the evils of which they complain. Yet we cannot but see that the majority of women are to blame for this state of affairs, even in regard to themselves. Until women are in a condition to demand recognition before the law as the equals of men in individuality, and all the responsibilities of life, it is useless to expect of them equal independence, or preparation for life's duties. But it rests with them to put themselves in order for this demand. In marriage, the whole aim and purpose of a woman's life is expected to be in but one direction—that of the housekeeper or house-mother. As women are educated now, they all look forward to matrimony as the ultimate end and sum of their existence. How, then, is it to be expected that they will fit themselves for some other calling, as if they looked to it for a life-work?

We maintain that the whole education of women, from the alphabet up, is defective, and tends to bring about exactly the result which we deplore, throwing thousands upon thousands of dependent, inefficient women, upon the sympathy of a cold and calculating,

but at the same time, in a certain sense, just, business world. There is always a market for capacity, and so long as the majority of so-called, self-supporting workingwomen are inefficient and incapable, they must expect nothing better than to be pushed to the wall. When the mothers of the enlightened world awaken to a sense of the terrible defect in the educational training of girls, and take it into their own hands to remedy it, we shall take the first step towards giving women their proper place, not only in the world of work, but in the universal social structure.

The ballot is not essential to this reform. If the women of America, to-day, would educate their girls from the cradle up to understand that idleness or desultory, aimless employment, was as disgraceful in them as in their brothers; that they had no more right to look to marriage as a means of support than young men; that it was not only honorable but a duty for every woman to be thoroughly capacitated for following some trade, art, or profession, we should soon, without any aid of the ballot have women taking their proper place in all the ranks of employment; and this would be a long step towards the ballot. Let women once "verify their credentials" by proving themselves as a class, not only willing, but able to take their places in the employments of life by the side of men, and but few would deny their capability to administer wisely in matters of government. So long as women, as a class, are incapable of doing the simplest business in a thorough and business-like manner, it is not to be wondered at that men doubt their ability to fill successfully larger spheres of duty.

ALICE CARY'S LOVE.

A story, first printed in the Chicago *Republican* has gone the rounds, purporting to tell the secret of Alice Cary's love for Dr. Griswold, and their subsequent engagement; how "trouble came between the two in the shape of a woman of society externally more attractive;" how "this *liason* produced a separation and breach of engagement;" and how Alice concealed her sorrows to the day of her death. Those best acquainted with the facts pronounce the story as such an exaggeration that it is practically untrue. We are glad to see this bit of idle, and somewhat impertinent gossip, contradicted and corrected by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who says:

"Dr. Griswold's marriage with his second wife and his marriage with his third wife *covered the whole period* between the time when the two sisters Cary arrived in New York, and the time of Griswold's death. Dr. Griswold was intimate with the Cary sisters, as he was with all the literary women and men of his day. When these two sisters first came here, they lived at the house of Captain Barnard, in Barclay street, and he was a frequent visitor at that place. He appreciated the poetical talent of both Alice and Phœbe, and for years rendered them invaluable service with publishers and editors. They entertained toward him lively feelings of gratitude and admiration. When he was taken down with his last illness, they returned his former kindness by their delicate and womanly attentions, and when he died they were present at his funeral. But it is a mistake to say that they found him 'when he lay dying in poverty and alone,' and that the injured woman then forgot her wrongs, for Dr. Griswold was never in this condition." He was very fond of telling of his affectional experiences; but he never told even his most intimate friends anything of the love which is now made the subject of a foolish and somewhat discreditable gossip.

A PHASE OF CHRISTIANTY.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city have a "home," of which its members may justly feel proud. The building, both in proportions and architectural finish, is an ornament to the city; while its richly upholstered interior is sumptuous with every appointment that wealth and good taste can provide. These material accessories, combined with the religious and literary attractions which the Association furnishes, strengthen its hold on the public, and its influence in the community; and few institutions of its kind have a greater opportunity to illustrate the beauties and beneficence of the religion which is boastfully proclaimed as its cornerstone.

As a Christian enterprise, however, it is one with which we have never been able to sympathize strongly, because of its exclusive character. Christianity is said to be its controlling spirit, and the saving of souls its one great object, the sincerity of which professions we have no right to question; yet it has never been quite easy to reconcile the invidious distinction that cuts off from such Christian benefits every feminine soul. Notwithstanding the angelic qualities so persistently ascribed to woman, woman has thus far shown herself as human as man, and we must confess our inability to discover the spirit of "woman's best friend" in any enterprise which systematically shuts her out.

It is evident that these Associations are firm believers in the aristocracy of sex, and, as such, their purely one-sided character is to be regarded more as a matter of course than as a subject for marvel Thus, when a young girl, weak from three days' fasting, and almost without clothes, appealed in her despair to the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and was refused both aid and shelter because unable to produce a certificate of good character, we were not astonished; though those same costly halls opened invitingly to every hapless young man who who might find himself adrift in that community, certificate or not. With instances of this kind we are too familiar to be surprised.

At the completion of the new Association Building in this city, it was publicly announced that the entire upper floor would be let as studios, and artists were invited to examine the apartments. The location is eligible, and offers special attractions to lady artists; consequently, many ladies applied for studios. The applicants expected to be dealt with in a respectful, business-like manner. True, other buildings had been closed against them for the simple crime of sex, but the perpetrators of the injustice made no profession of Christianity; it was not done under the garb of religion. What, then, was their surprise when, after waiting upon the trustees repeatedly, and being led by evasive answers to expect a favorable consideration of their applications, they were bluntly informed that no women would, under any consideration, be admitted to that building; the significant reason being a determination to keep it "first class."

Meanwhile, an artist, who had taken a studio there, desired to sub-let his room during a sojourn in Europe, and having a lady friend who was ready to take it, gave her immediate and full possession over the heads of the punctilious trustees. So great was their annoyance at this bold defiance of their wishes that they discussed the propriety of inviting her to leave, deciding, finally, that as soon as the lease of the rightful tenant had expired, his friend should be requested to provide for herself elsewhere. When it is known that this young woman is one who reflects credit both upon her sex and her profession, ranking socially as high as any other artist in the city, the conduct of these Christian gentlemen may well provoke remark.

Upon the severe distinction which accords to men the exclusive use of parlors, library and class-rooms in that fine establishment, we have nothing to say. Since the enterprise is solely masculine, those who control it have undisputed right to distribute its benefits according to their own ideas of fitness. But that the spirit of intolerance should be carried beyond the threshold of the Association proper, and made a means of persecution to women whose only crime is a desire to advance professional interests, on the common ground of tenants in rented apartments, is certainly irreconcilable with the spirit of Christ, as it must be offensive to every liberal mind.

So far as institutions of this kind endeavor to carry out the principles by which they pretend to be governed, they deserve a cordial sympathy and a hearty God-speed; but when these principles are desecrated, and the powers delegated to them for good are used to oppress the weak and defenseless, neither public nor private indignation can be too severe in meting out the full measure of their deserts.

FROM HEINE.

A boding sadness is o'er me,
And I know not what this may imply,
For still there keeps floating before me
A legend of times gone by.

Around me the cool air falls darkling,
The Rhine flows peacefully on;
While the top of the mountain is sparkling
With sunlight that soon will be gone.

To a wonderful maiden I listen,
Yonder sits she, exceeding fair;
See her jewels of gold, how they glisten,
As she combs out her golden hair.

It falls in a golden shower
From her golden comb, as she sings;
And thrilling and strange is the power
That through the sweet melody rings!

Yon boatman feels the song move him,
It thrills him with nameless woe,
He sees but the heavens above him,
Neither rock nor reef below!

Boat and boatman are downward swinging,
Their course, I believe, is run;
And this, with her wild, sad singing,
The river-nymph has done.

In Sweden, female students are now admitted to the universities like male students, upon passing the regular college examinations.

Notes About Women.

—Silks cure sulks.

—Plain young ladies often become pretty old ones.

—In Turo, Massachusetts, there are one hundred and five widows whose husbands were lost at sea. A good place for old bachelors to spend the summer.

—Miss Lydia Nye rivaled the best marching time of Sherman, the other day, by walking over the mountain roads of Vermont thirty miles in eight hours.

—The women who go to Long Branch as servants usually return in a far healthier condition than their mistresses, and, in most cases, far happier, too.

—Miss Ada Shriver, daughter of Dr. John W. Shriver, of Dayton, has received the appointment of instructor of painting in the University of Michigan.

—Queen Victoria's statue, in Montreal, will be unveiled, it is said, by her daughter and son-in-law, the Marchioness and Marquis of Lorne, on their arrival in Canada next month.

—There is one county in Iowa that for two years has had a woman to superintend their schools. Now, two other counties have followed this good example, and nominated women for this office.

—The women in the factories in Chemnitz, Saxony, complain that the factory work forces them away from their homes, and from their children, and that both are consequently neglected, to the great misery of the latter.

—A spirited girl observes that, to her mind the women who do not want female suffrage, because it will cause division in families, must be a precious meek set. A woman of any pluck can pick a quarrel with her husband without waiting to split on votes.

—Queen Olga, of Greece, is said to be not only the handsomest, but also the ablest of the crowned princesses of Europe. She is quite familiar with public affairs, and, when she presides at the cabinet-councils, the ministers are frequently vanquished by her able arguments.

—"Doesn't this lovely scene animate you?" asked Anna of her lover. "No," said he, "nothing but you can Anna-mate me." For which shocking pun he was punished by being Anna-mated to his entire satisfaction. Punsters do not always get punished in that way, however.

—A girl in St. Louis, Mo., who is studying law and intends to practice, was asked by an envious lawyer if she was not afraid of losing her reputation. She replied, that it had never occurred to her that lawyers had generally any reputation to lose. The conversation was here terminated.

—The wife of a New England Senator paid $18,000 to a Paris lace manufacturer for six and a half yards of point lace, which was more than European sovereigns could afford to give for this article. Americans excel Europeans in most things, especially in the art of making fools of themselves.

—A young woman in Connecticut, recently, when sick, mortgaged her body to her physicians for dissection, in case of death, as compensation for professional attendance upon her; and then, maliciously, she got well. Certainly she could not have done a better thing had she belonged to the other sex.

—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as a reason that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

—An exchange tells us of a remarkable woman living in Detroit, who recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and who "can knit socks in four languages, and repeat the commandments with one hand behind her back." Truly a wonderful woman, or the exchange referred to has a treasure of a typesetter.

—A lady writes to one of the society papers that the old idea that persons could not entertain their friends without turning their house into a restaurant, is beginning to die out among sensible people, and entertainments where only cake and lemonade are passed around will be considered more select than the big supper affairs.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes that, "Pecuniary dependence upon men tends to make women weak, cowardly, ignorant, and childish, if not worse. Pecuniary authority over women tends to create in men over-weaning self-confidence and self-assertion, arrogance in their treatment of, and a thorough lack of respect for the sterling qualities in the character of women."

—Charlotte Cushman says that a man in the gallery of a theatre where she was playing once made such a disturbance that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over," arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming: "No! I pray you, don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but—kill him where he is."

—An aged woman in North Adams, Massachusetts, relates that many years ago, while attending a social dance, a young mechanic asked her hand for one of the dances. She indignantly refused, feeling very much mortified that he should make such an offer. She has always filled an humble position in life, while the young man whom she then scorned has been Governor of Massachusetts. The moral of which is, never refuse to dance with a clean mechanic if you get a chance.

—The *Evening Mail* says, "Miss Amelia B. Edwards is one of the most popular of the *good* modern novelists, and her books, 'Barbara's History,' 'The Ladder of Life,' 'Half a Million of Money,' and others, are much admired by those who prefer well-cut characters, beautiful description, and carefully chosen language, to the thrilling plots and common-place, if not vulgar style, of the Braddon and Wood stamp of writers. Miss Edwards is very fond of art, and her novels often turn upon music or painting, upon which she seems remarkably well informed."

—The Republicans of Wahaska county, Ia., have nominated Edna T. Snell for the office of Superintendent of the Public Schools. In the interior of Iowa a nomination by the Republicans is about the same as an election. Miss Snell is admirably fitted for the office. She is a graduate of Iowa College. For three years she was Assistant Superintendent of the High School in Dubuque. Her father lives in Wahaska county, where she had retired for rest when she was called to take this office. She is a "Progressive Friend." Her family are the strictest of Quakers. An older sister was long associated with the Quaker College, at Richmond, Indiana.

—Miss Sedgwick was a remarkably well-bred woman. No woman in America was more famous than she in her prime, and she had much of the grace, with little of the formality of those "old school" manners, in which she must have been trained. Flattery never turned her head; she was humble and modest as a village school-girl, graceful and courtly as Madame de Servigne. Her manner of introducing two persons has never been surpassed; she made them both feel honored and distinguished. Her attitude of listening was in itself a compliment, and, to the very last, she maintained a charm beyond beauty, the charm of perfect manners.

—The papers have been telling the public that Mrs. Bloomer, the inventor of a well-known costume for women, is living quietly, without either social or political ambition, in a rising Kansas town, engaged in attending to a large family and a flourishing farm. She is now, as she has been for several years, quietly living in Council Bluffs, Iowa, of which flourishing city her husband was lately mayor. Mrs. Bloomer occasionally writes for the press and lectures. She has no children, but the editor of the *Capitol* says she can get up about the finest dinner to be had west of Chicago, which, we take it, is the next best thing to attending a large family and farm.

—The property on which women paid taxes, last year, in New Bedford, was $1,819,600, or more than the whole valuation of many towns in the commonwealth. A proposition to disfranchise one of these towns having a valuation of a paltry two millions or so would be received at the State House with a shudder, yet there are a good many legislators, in both branches, who see nothing wrong in keeping the women who pay taxes in New Bedford away from the ballot-box. Probably the whole amount of property in Massachusetts on which women pay taxes exceeds $75,000,000, and the taxes thus paid more than a million dollars, yet none of these tax-payers have a chance to vote, even for town officers.

—A Ladies' Educational Association has been definitely connected with University College, London, where all the lectures will in future be held. The Association has already issued its syllabus for the next winter session. The curriculum includes courses for ladies by the professors of Latin, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, German, Philosophy of Mind and Logic, Jurisprudence, Hygiene, History, Constitutional Law and History, Mathematics, Physics, Practical Chemistry, Geology, and Architecture. There will also be classes for Drawing and Painting; lectures on the Structure of Plants and general Phenomena of Vegetation, with reference more especially to the general bearing of vegetation upon landscape.

—The Princess Mary and the Prince of Teck have inaugurated in England a new scheme for saving young girls from a life of vice. The plan is to provide country homes for little girls—girls who can be taken in

charge young enough to be brought up in a manner totally different from that which would have been their lot had they been left uncared for. Sixteen cottages are to be erected, each to contain ten children, on three acres of ground given by the Hon. Miss Cavendish, at Addlestone, in a remote nook of Surrey. In honor of the founder it is proposed to name the new institution "The Princess Mary's Village Homes for Little Girls." The cottages will cost about $1,500 each, and the whole little colony will be under the charge of a matron.

—Mary Safford writes to the *Herald of Health*, from Breslau, Germany, of the kind treatment and aid she receives in pursuing her studies there. She says: "In Vienna I was interrogated the first day of the term by at least a score of students as to where and what I had studied; but here they manifest as little curiosity in regard to my presence as if they had always had women students in their midst. All are exceedingly polite, even to the sacrificing of a seat for my benefit, and I can assure you that it is a pleasant memory that I take home with me—the universal kindness that I have everywhere met with, from the medical faculty, as well as from students. I have attended lectures upon surgery, the only woman among four hundred students, witnessing not only all operations that were made, but taking, with a class composed of all nations, a surgical operative course, where I made upon the *cadaver* all operations. In anatomy I have had a like experience. I have dissected with a promiscuous class, and I have not only been present, but have assisted the Professor in making several operations in his private practice, upon both men and women, and in all my experience I have never encountered vulgarity in speech nor act."

—A correspondent of a Western paper says Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames is very versatile in her talents, and has alternately filled almost every department of journalism. Besides being an able prose writer, this lady is also a poetess, and of late years some of her finest literary efforts have been in a poetic vein. While a mere school-girl, "M. C. A." began to use her pen as a press correspondent, making the Springfield *Republican* her first field of exploit. But at that time she wrote at rare intervals, and solely for the "fun" of seeing her name in print. It was not until a much later period that she took up the pen in earnest, and her regular connection with the New York press began only in '65. From that time, probably, dates her introduction to the literary world. As a Washington correspondent, she became suddenly very popular. Her style was tinctured with warmth, discrimination, pleasantry, and sound common sense. People learned to regard her as reliable as well as entertaining, and "A Woman's Letter from Washington" was never without its compliment of admiring readers. For the past two years Mrs. Ames has been attached to the editorial corps of the *Independent*, having, in addition, a certain amount of regular work on the Brooklyn *Union*. Her salary is now upward of $5,000 a year.

—A "Business Woman" writes to the *Tribune* that if women fixed their minds on doing their work with skill, accuracy, and dispatch, they would impress men whom they meet as too absorbed for gallantry, and half the annoyances they complain of would escape their attention. A preoccupied air is the most successful damper to such speeches as women dislike to listen to, and protects her as effectually as a moist hand protects itself from burning metal. At this moment a young working-girl passes the window, playing with a parasol, pink ribbons in her hair flying, eyes glancing "hither and yon," with flowers and lace enough on her hat to attract the birds nest-hunting. A sign hung out, "Admiration Wanted!" would not make the motive of all this plainer. Innocent enough, all this, but in no way expedient, and if the cynicism were not so hateful, one might, under the breath, remark that "innocence is not virtue." Contrast this with the sober air even an office boy, with a check in his hand, will wear as he goes down the street. The fact is, nineteen-twentieths of the women that work for their living to-day have no more idea of the meaning of the words accuracy and dispatch than they have of orders in Chancery. Nobody need shake her head about it. Can a lady tell her sewing-woman how to make the simplest dress with any assurance that she will follow the directions, unless the work is taken from her fingers at twenty different stages of its progress and she is shown how? Half the working-women to-day are mere apprentices.

—Rev. Charles H. Brigham thinks people work now as hard as ever. In the last *Herald of Health* he says the toil of the factory is more steady and wearying than any artisan or mechanical toil of the former generation. When garments were homespun the wheel and the loom had their intervals of rest. But now, if the daughters of luxury have ceased to spin and weave, their sisters in the great, quivering, and roaring mills, must keep on, early and late, in all weathers, from day to day, and from year to year. And if the fashionable woman has ceased to spin and weave, she has not ceased, in her way, to be a worker. Harper's *Bazar*, and the extra sheet of the *Independent*, and Madame Demorest's *Bulletin*, compel her to care for raiment so diligently that she has no time for books, and hardly any for sleep. The trimming of garments, which fashion obliges, is now the most unremitting and fatal of necessities. The wealthy house is much more a "workhouse" than the country refuge bearing that name, in which the poor and the weak-minded find their apology for a home. Hard work is done all the time in the chambers of the Fifth Avenue, as in the factories of Lawrence or Lowell. To keep up with the changing fashions, even the fingers that wear diamond rings must be nimble and constant in their task. The calumny is harsh and unjust, that these butterflies who sport their gauze, and ribbons, and flounces, their fairy raiment in the sunlight, are idle and do nothing. Half of their time they are busy as bees in preparation of this fluttering show. Has not a more careful watch of the frivolous insect shown us that the butterfly is as industrious, in its way, as the bee, though it hives no honey for winter store?

—*The Madras Times* reports a lecture delivered in that city by a Hindoo caste lady, who is known by the name of Sree Rungamba Garu. Her subject was "Human Being." The meeting was attended by a large number of Hindoo gentlemen and pundits. In rebutting the general idea of her countrymen that a woman should not appear to lecture before the public, the lecturer said that, whatever might be her abilities and qualifications, she acknowledged the inferiority of women and superiority of men in general, in point of learning. She believed that the intelligent portion of the community would concur with her when she said that the ancient histories of India abounded with numerous instances wherein it appeared that Hindoo ladies of royal blood, such as Sheethah Devy, Choodala, Madalassa, Anoosooya, Cowsulleya, Soolabha, Sakoonthala, Oothara, Kykayee, Sutheabhama, and Soobhadra, &c., were very learned and well versed in the various branches of science, and possessed of masculine bravery, and were distinguished for their knowledge of the fine arts, such as music, &c. Several of them had delivered lectures, and taught morals to their husbands and others. She then referred to the various female pundits in the north and south of India, of ancient and modern times, and to their wonderful literary works. She alluded to the Female Improvement Society at Calcutta, and to the highly improved mental condition of women in the continents of Europe and America. She could not, therefore, be considered by the wise men as trespassing beyond the assigned province of a Hindoo woman by her compliance with a request to deliver a lecture. Her object was the advancement of female education.

—Elder Frederick W. Evans, of the Mount Lebanon Shakers, recently gave a lecture on Shakerism, at St. George's Hall, London, in which he said: "When I look abroad over the nations of Christendom, and see what their social systems have come to—for instance, the condition of London to-day, taking all its population into consideration—I see a great lack; there is something wanting; the people are not all comfortable; they are not all well supplied with food, and clothing, and houses to live in. Why not? Is there something in the foundation of your government to account for it? Think of it. They are men governments; the woman element is not represented therein. True, you have a Queen; but you all understand that she reigns more as a King than as a woman. Your Parliament, your House of Lords, your House of Commons, contains no females representing the population of the nation. How is this? At least half of your population are females, possessed of the same faculties, the same senses, the same wants, with the other half. Why are they subject to laws that they have had no voice in framing, and to penalties connected with those laws, and to taxation where they have had no sort of representation? I merely refer to these ideas as something that occupies the minds of the simple Shakers occasionally, when they are not attending to their orchards, or fields, or mechanical labors. You will pardon me, because I do not belong to the world. But we do believe, as a foundational idea, that Deity itself is dual—a Heavenly Father and a Heavenly Mother reigning over this world of ours, and that, therefore, all true normal government should be based upon the same foundation, recognizing the existence of the two permanent elements in humanity—the male and the female. And I account for war, and the social evil, and many other things that I might name in your social systems and organization, in a great degree because of the want of normal government."

Contributions.

FOX GRAPES.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

When horticulturists want to extinguish a pretentious grape, all they need to say is that it has a foxy flavor. Now, fox grapes are not despised in the Wabash valley, nor on the Kansas knolls; but they are very much wanted out of the way when there are better to be had. Manners are very much like grapes—you want the best that are to be had, and never mind if a friendly hand prunes and pinches in, so that the noble vine may lose its degenerate flavor. Town and country have their faults; but there are some country follies that are always very disagreeable, even to a thorough country lover. Now for free speech and free compliments.

At the farm-house table, where I sit always after dinner, the head of the house leans back in his chair, opens his mouth, and a sound that need not be specified intimates unpleasantly the terms of his dinner with his interior. There is no effort to conceal this manifestation, no show of handkerchief or napkin, and every well-bred person at the table immediately suffers disgust enough to fly out of the window. No man has any more right to eject sour gas from his stomach in our faces than he has to force us to take an emetic. In this case he administers one.

Nature's works seem to be altogether out of gear in the masculine members of this family, and they are samples of many others. They breathe with a snore, they drink with a gargle, eat with a champing sound like young horses, or smack like pigs, and the sound of taking bread and milk, or soup, makes one dread to see those articles on the table. Animals may make these noises, but man should learn to control his organs so that they may do their work in complete silence. There is no bodily function that may not with care be brought quite into order. Who wants the suggestions of the horse-stall, the pig-sty, or the asthma brought to him by ear any more than by sight or smell?

At neighborly calls, a strange ceremony goes on among those at home. They sit down very much apart, that is, with arms and legs widely at ease, the heavy cowhide boots planted in full face a yard and a half in front of the body, and in this *neglige* they begin: First, finger and thumb indolently scratch the top of the head; next, they meditatively pick a pimple, or scar the nose, coming down to the elbows, and devoting a hearty good scratch to the length of the arms. I beg to assure you there is no constitutional need of this relief, but the soothing scratch goes on all the while people stay. It is apparently so lulling that the ordinary response to a conversation is a gratified umh! umh! as if the trance was too profound for intelligent speech. The man who leads off in this behavior is a college graduate, and belongs to respectable society.

Boys and girls, let me warn you to be careful of your habits. Don't be spiteful when any one tells you your faults. You see what they may grow to. Be silent, alert, vital in quiet; be ready, pleasant, and simple in company. Keep watch of yourselves. Older ones, you may never know what you may do through unconsciousness. I saw a lady of nice New England education, at a large dinner table, draw the salt-cellar to her and pulverize the lumps with her fingers while interested in conversation. Not long before, she had been laughing at a very strict friend of hers, who, seeing there was no spoon in a bowl of honey, took her own from the tea-cup, wiped it in her mouth, and helped herself from the dish before her. A handsome college senior once gallantly took a fly out of my goblet of milk by dipping it out with his little finger, and wondered afterward if I did not like milk, because my glass went untouched. A college president and doctor of divinity I knew practiced the scratching amusement, and varied it by putting one foot over his knee, showing a great deal of white stocking, and swinging it briskly there fifteen minutes together. A very elegant young man, on a New York paper, has a favorite laugh, half in his throat and half in his nose, which he thinks is the funniest thing in the world, but strikes all about him as a fair accomplishment for a pig, amounting, in fact, to one of the most odious "sniggers" ever inflicted on good society.

Several people I know never can sit quietly reading or writing without scratching their heads or faces, sucking their teeth with a sharp little noise, or keeping up a smacking of the lips. If I could express the annoyance this gives to thoroughly well-bred people, no one would dare inflict such penances on society. The grand rule of good behavior is to be silent unless speech is called for, and keep still unless motion is necessary. These little things betray a childishness of mind far from complimentary to their performers.

MOTHERHOOD AND ITS DUTIES.

BY MRS. L. B. CHANDLER.

The early and wise instruction by mothers is the only surety for pure habits, and the only safeguard against the contamination of vicious examples. As the years move on, holding through this intelligent communion the confidence and respect of your child, he will, in maturing manhood, gladly counsel with and be taught of thee; and, further on, manifold instruction can be imparted which will prepare him to enter the married state conscious of the purity of conditions which should hallow it, and the wisdom which should govern all relations, and the observance of which can alone preserve the unabated respect and affection which lift it above the lowest level of prostitution and licentiousness.

Teach him that the mastery of passions will prevent the sad wreck of health and happiness so often resulting from the ignorance of those entering the married state. Tell him that the encroachment of man upon woman in the most intimate relations, is always a criminal violation of womanhood, and may reault, if held to persistently, in alienation of the affections. Teach him that for the sacred office of parentage he should devoutly prepare himself by using every means in his power to attain physical health and spiritual harmony; that his power to transmit like conditions to offspring is largely before maternity commences. After that, he should hold his wife, not as the instrument of his gratification, but sacredly as the temple of the divine incarnation, shrining her in his inmost soul, and shielding her from unsuitable associations and necessity for exhaustive exertion. Think you that a generation, even of such teaching, faithfully pursued by mothers, would be barren of good results?

I charge upon you, mothers of to-day, the grand duty of educating yourselves in all the scientific knowledge, all the physiological and psychial laws, to prepare the means for a free and unpolluted maternity to coming generations. I would dwell, first, upon the duty of mothers to sons, because, in its fulfillment, it seems to me, lies the only hope of guiding the surging passion of masculinity into those channels of enlightenment which can save parentage from perpetuating and intensifying the diseased conditions, physical and spiritual, which are eating into the core of life; and because motherhood in the past has so sadly neglected the education of sons, and still shrinks from its performance, praying earnestly for their salvation from sin, but failing to lead them in the ways of righteousness by proper enlightenment and caution. Then, too, the mother, by this timidity and negligence, fails to avail herself of the power which this teaching would surely exercise over the reason and conscience of boyhood, and which would infuse a leaven of purity into the manhood of coming generations.

Many mothers are too painfully conscious of the deplorable effects of that ignorance which permits maidenhood and wifehood to sail out into the realms of its own special sphere, all uninformed and unarmed. How sadly deficient is the training of a mother who, with solicitous watchfulness, warns her daughter of dangers, but fails to point out what they are, or instruct by what means they may be detected; who fails to instruct so clearly and familiarly what associations and intimacies are imprudent and dangerous, that it is impossible for the unwary girl to be deceived; who fails, also, to instruct her that she has no right to lower the standard of womanly purity and fidelity in the estimation of *man*kind by exercising the attractive power which, if rightly employed, may check the passion and win the reverence of her brother man, for the sake of enjoying a brief season of admiration and homage. The attractive power of womanhood should be held as a solemn trust, to be exercised in sincerity alone; and, oh, mothers! teach, with all possible stress, that a woman who, through this power, panders to the love of dominion or selfish lusts of man, or the gratification of vain and selfish appetites in herself, commits a folly and a falsehood which wrongs all womankind.

REFORM FROM THE ROOTS.

BY E. M. JOSLYN, M. D.

Since the dawn of Christianity, the cry has been sounded in the ears of men, "Ye must be born again;" but the *modus operandi* of this second birth few have been able satisfactorily to explain. From the injunction, however, one self-evident truth may readily be derived, namely: that were the physiological and moral laws governing marriage and the reproduction and education of the species properly understood and wisely acted upon, no regeneration would be necessary. The generative function, if exercised in obedience

to the laws of God as exemplified in the nature of man, and in his relations to posterity, would result in the production of a perfect race of men and women. Individuals, in whom the animal, intellectual and moral natures would be blended in beautiful and harmonious proportions, and in whom the incentives to evil would scarcely find existence, would take the place of the diseased and depraved people we meet everywhere to-day. The relations of soul and body are too little understood, and the importance of the latter to the former altogether undervalued; for, as Miss Stevens has truly said, "A soul is of no account in this world without a body."

The various organs composing the body are but so many instruments through which the soul holds relation to the material universe. If any part of this curious physical mechanism is defective, its actions and results must be correspondingly defective also. No one would expect the crippled and deformed to walk erect, and exercise suppleness of muscle and limb, like one who has a well-developed body. Equally absurd is it to expect of him who has an unbalanced, inharmonious and defective brain, an exhibition of virtue, purity and nobility in life and character. What right have parents to expect their children to be temperate and virtuous when their own lives have been marked by intemperance, indulgence and vice? Children are terrible tell-tales upon parentage. Let a *family* be given to intemperance, and the fact itself speaks in language more potent than words by the physical system and its morbid appetites. The use of tobacco owes its present general prevalence very largely to the hereditary transmission of depraved appetites.

The question of the practical and radical causes of evil needs to be more thoroughly studied and understood before much progress can be made in the reform of evils. Let the marriage relation, in its effects upon the future of the race, and the empire of woman in her relations as wife and mother, together with her duties and responsibilities as such, be thoroughly studied and understood by the young of both sexes, and we shall have more thoughtfulness and care in entering into them, and more will have been accomplished toward ridding the world of evil than by all the reform movements of the day.

Having been, during thirty-five years of professional life, brought in almost daily contact with the suffering and misery engendered by vice, and, as physician, having been made the recipient of the most mortifying and sickening details of indiscretion and wrong, committed often ignorantly, too, I should be recreant to duty did I not utter my conviction that the roots of most of our evils are hid in parental indulgence and neglect. To woman chiefly must we look for the true reform of the world. Let her be educated, refined and virtuous, and completely self-possessed; let her accept marriage only with the man who is free from physical taint and immorality, and not only will she be saved untold suffering and trial, but her children will be healthy, virtuous and wise. Every woman should be educated to realize that her marriage concerns not herself and her husband alone, but that it is fraught with weal or woe to her offspring and the future of her race, and we should soon have no evils to reform. Were the entire energy and intelligence of the American people practically devoted to this single point, not many generations would pass before our jails and penitentiaries, asylums and houses of refuge would be useless, and exist only as sad monuments of former ignorance. In this way we should have homes that would be so beautiful and satisfying that there would be no temptation to stray from them into evil, and every new generation would be another step toward the perfection of humanity.

This is the root of reform. And more and more the attention of every woman in particular must be turned to this study of the laws and uses of her own being, this obedience to the requirements of that nature which gives health, beauty and joy only when truly obeyed. Other reforms are valuable as aids to this. The branches of evil must be pruned away. We should welcome every reform that lops off the bad boughs and makes a root culture possible.

UPPER ALTON, Ill.

I AM LONELY.

BY MARGARET WINCHESTER.

I am lonely! Ever thinking
Of the wide and wond'rous sea;
I am lonely, though I fancy
Thou art lonely, far from me.
I am lonely in the morning,
When I wake from dreams of thee—
I am lonely! I am lonely,
Wherever I may be.

I am lonely! In the twilight,
Also where the roses bloom;
I am lonely midst the mirthful,
Both in sunshine and in gloom.
I am lonely in the forest,
Though I love the dancing leaves;
I am lonely! I am lonely!
For thee my being grieves.

I am lonely! when the birds chat
Within their prison gates;
I am lonely, when the free ones
Call and kiss their faithful mates.
When voices sweet with loving
Their hymns of nature sing,
I am lonely! I am lonely!
My birdie's on the wing.

NEW YORK, July, 1871.

A PLEA FOR EUGENIE.

Now that the hand of misfortune has been laid upon the Empress of the French, a certain class of newspapers and individuals find ample time and opportunity to throw out insinuations as to the unfitness of the ex-Empress for her late high position; and, with a wise reticence, commendable in those who have nothing to say, yet who are eager to assail a woman's character at any time, imply by inuendoes that they know more than the rest of the world about the domestic life of this unfortunate lady. They hint, for more than this they cannot do, at the probable separation of the Imperial couple, and tell of mysterious intrigues gathered from the "so they says," who are so convenient to lay blame to. The proposed journey of the Empress is another occasion for this set to renew their cruelties, and to the unhappy lady is attributed every motive but the really proper one.

Near Malaga, in Spain, the birthplace of Eugenie, is now living her only aunt and uncle, the Count and Countess Cabarras. In Madrid, where she proposes to spend some time, perhaps the entire winter, resides the Countess Montijo, her mother, and other relatives. It is but natural that in her sorrow and humiliation she should desire to return to the scenes of her happy young life, nor is it strange that Napoleon prefers to go in his exile to his mother's old home in Switzerland. He has the ambition of a man, and of a Bonaparte, and while he would not peril the comfort of his wife and child, he cannot forego the desire to try, in every possible way, to regain the prestige he has lost, if not the position.

No thoughtful person will deny that the present position of the Imperial couple in England at this time, when all the nation is feteing their rivals, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany is, to say the least, anything but pleasant. Viewing them in the light of ordinary mortals, it would greatly surprise us if they did care to remain there when so many more congenial places are open to them. But these papers that so constantly find fault with the *parveneer*, as they style the unhappy Empress, are no better informed on the subject than the rest of the world, and, perhaps, until they are, it would be well to keep silent. So admirable has been the conduct of Eugenie through all the trying scenes through which she has passed, that she has won the respect of good people everywhere. Though we cannot favor Imperialism, we should be respectful to ladies who prove themselves such, and we know of no one more deserving of this title than the ex-Empress of France.

Mary Safford writes from Germany that there one forgets that such an abomination exists in the civilized world as hot bread in any form. Your little biscuit, *semmel*, comes to you fresh for breakfast, never hot, with a brown, crispy external, and with a light centre. For dinner and supper, light rye bread, baked in large loaves in the country, in ovens like our olden-timed New England ones, is mostly used in this part of Germany. The pest of pastry that infests American tables is quite unknown. There is none of that reckless extravagance in house-furnishing, or in dress, and in all externals, as in America. A young married couple suit the number of their rooms, and the number of flights they are high, to their means, and no one thinks of cutting their acquaintance because their snug little sitting-room serves as reception-room, dining room, and parlor.

Miss Clara Barton writes from Lyons, France, that after a brief rest she will go at once over the war grounds in Eastern and Middle France, on the line from Dijon to the Rhine, taking the vicinity of Belfort and other fortified places, and on the track along which Bourbaki thrust his army into Switzerland; look at the necessities of the people, and decide what remains to be done. This work Miss Barton will do at the request of the lady managers of one of the American relief funds. Part of that raised in New York was placed in Miss Barton's hands by Mr. Moran, then acting as Charge d' Affaires at London.

The stars of heaven do not convey to our minds a more vivid conception of the mysteries of the universe than the flowers that sparkle in the countless numbers on the earth.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, AUG. 31, 1871.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

Mother Nature has been prodigal of healing springs in Germany. Weary pilgrims, in search of health, flock to her bubbling fountains to drink and to be made whole. Wildbad, Carlobad and Franzienbad are names as familiar to invalids in the New World as in the Old; and Baden Baden, Wiesbaden, Hombourg and Ems are as well known to Americans as Saratoga, Avon, Sharon and White Sulphur Springs.

Many of these German springs were famous watering places in the days of Julius Cæsar, and they have lost none of their ancient popularity. The sceptre has dropped, or been torn from the hands of many of the kings, emperors and grand dukes, who, with the pomp and circumstance of their rank and power, have been frequent visitors in the past to these health-giving fountains; but the springs themselves remain the same, except that they have an ever-increasing renown and an ever-gracing popularity.

Of the four most fashionable watering places in Germany — Baden, Wiesbaden, Hombourg and Ems—Hombourg is the most frequented by Americans. And they show their good taste in their choice; for aside from its numerous springs, which resemble those of Saratoga, both in taste and medical properties, although the Elizabeth Brunnen is more powerful in its effects than the waters of the Congress Spring. Hombourg is a delightfully cool and charming spot for a summer sojourn. Its sparkling and medicinal springs are only a part of its many attractions, and people in pursuit merely of pleasure, and not in quest of health, can find no summer residence more agreeable than Hombourg.

Ems is less attractive, merely as a place of amusement, but more frequented by foreigners, as we Americans call the natives here with our sublime impudence. It is a little town situated in a narrow mountain gorge; its single street, and the river in front of it winding in and out around the base of the rocky cliffs or wooded hills that shut it in, fill up the valley entirely. The village consists of hotels, bathing houses, and the shops that naturally cluster about a fashionable watering place—shops filled with everything that one does *not* want, at very exorbitant prices.

Like all German watering places, Ems has a Kensall, a large building, in which is a concert room, a reading room, and a room for gambling—the last the important part of the building, to which all the rest is but a subordinate appendage.

Around these gaming tables crowds of men and women cluster all day long, and many are the poor wretches who lose all, and more than all, that they can raise in the vain attempt to retrieve their ill-fortune.

Since Germany has become a united nation, under the management and control of Prussia, the Emperor has proclaimed that the gambling-tables at these fashionable watering-places shall no longer be tolerated, and next year is announced as to put a stop to all this public play. Some doubt the enforcement of this edict, and lament the possible consequences to the Springs; but no unprejudiced or judicious person can regret the decision of the Emperor, for hundreds of young men are ruined yearly by this fascinating and devilish temptation.

The waters of Ems will attract crowds of invalids even if the gaming-tables are no longer allowed to add to the pleasures of the village.

Then, as now, the German nobility, Crown Princes, Kings, and Emperors, from other lands, will come here to drink of these fountains of health.

The Emperor of Germany and his suite are now here. The Crown Prince of Russia has just left, and scores of lesser dignitaries are also crowding all the hotels and lodging-houses in town.

That the waters are very medicinal there can be no doubt. For all diseases of the throat and lungs, or catarrhal affections, they are an almost unfailing panacea.

Nor are they disagreeable to take. Good mother Nature does not make her drugs so unpalatable as some physicians do; and those hot waters which she sends up in effervescing fountains are pleasant to the taste, as well as powerful in their curative properties.

The baths are delicious, for the springs are about one hundred degrees in temperature, and little cold water added makes them all the greatest Sybarite could desire.

In short, Ems is the Paradise of invalids, and if there is such a thing as the luxury of ill-health, this is the spot in which to enjoy it.

King William, as we all persist in calling the new Emperor of Germany, walks about everywhere, lifting his hat in pleasant recognition of the salutes that greet him in his rambles; and he is a fine-looking man, stamped with the insignia of nature's nobility —a stalwart, well-developed man, every inch a king in person—but, for all that, none the less an unpleasant sight to republican eyes, since many of us regard his triumph as a retrograde step in the civilization of Europe.

To Germany many of us looked as the nation best fitted for a republic, and the first one to attempt that experiment; and when we see her dazzled by the glories of her victory over France, and rejoicing over her unity, forgetting that she has paid for that unity by yielding of her liberal ideas, and stooping under the yoke of men who believe, not in the right of the people, but in the divine right of kings, we feel that she has lost more than she has gained, and true liberals grieve at the success over which the intoxicated Germans rejoice.

Bismarck's motto, which he proudly avows, is "First, my King; next, my country; then, my God."

He, too, is the man who, in 1848, crushed republicanism in Germany, and said, "With blood and iron I will manage the people!"

Clever as he is, and his genius and force are undeniable, he is an anachronism as much as was the Emperor Julian in his day.

Julian tried, but in vain, to stop the progress of the advancing and radical ideas of Christianity. Bismarck is doing his best to stem the rising tide of republicanism and liberal ideas. May his gigantic efforts have the same ill-success of his Roman prototype, is, or should be, the fervent prayer of all true Republicans.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

Whether women have the right to vote under the Constitution, as now amended, is a question we are not prepared, if competent, to answer. But many very able lawyers and members of Congress contend that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments confer the right of suffrage upon women. Their arguments seem plausible, to say the least. They deserve careful study.

The Golden Age of this week contains a long, elaborate and remarkably cogent letter from Mr. Theodore Tilton to Hon. Charles Sumner on this very point. It is the most popular and effective presentation yet made of the arguments in favor of woman's right to the franchise under the Constitution as it is. Those who have thought of Mr. Tilton as a merely sensational and sentimental writer of editorials on topics of the day, will be no little surprised by the vigor of thought, the condensation of style, and the closeness of logic with which he has set forth this side of the case. Nor are we prepared, at this present writing, either to accept or to reject the view he so ably and plausably maintains. We are glad to learn that 20,000 copies of this letter will be issued in a neat tract form for general circulation. They can be obtained by the hundred or the thousand at the office of the *Golden Age*.

We learn that this argument is to be made the basis of the winter's campaign by the radical members of the woman suffrage party. They propose to besiege Congress with petitions and appeals, and compel the two Houses to listen to the voice of argument and entreaty, and then decide the issue. Whether they succeed in carrying their point or not, they will undoubtedly succeed in bringing the matter more directly and prominently before that body and the American people than ever before; and the new agitation may do for the woman movement what any special measure may fail to effect.

If women are entitled to the franchise under the Constitution as it is, then let the fact be known. We have nothing to say against having the question brought thus prominently and with all possible urgency before Congress. The sooner and more ably this is done the better for all concerned. But let no friend of woman rest his hope for her emancipation and elevation upon the success of that or any other specific measure alone. Even should this question be decidedly in our favor, the real work would remain to be done. The wrong, the neglect, the results of false fashions, bad customs and ages of abuse cannot be cancelled by an act of legislation. Congress may confer the ballot; but it cannot confer the ability to use it wisely, nor the disposition to use it well. No legislative enactment can take the nonsense out of women's heads, and

expel frivolity and vanity from women's hearts. They have leaned on men to long too stand upright on their own feet in the full stature of an independent, self-poised womanhood the moment they are decreed free citizens of the republic. Thousands of our women have been dolls and drudges so long that no power of senates or courts can ever make them other than these. We look at a Broadway belle; we look at a Water street hag, and, as we look, tremble.

Get your decree! Storm Congress with arguments, and sweep the country with persuasions; and when you have done all this, a greater, a harder work remains. You have a whole sex to educate, to train, to ennoble, to inspire, to lift out of the degradation of old days and ways to the broad table-land of liberty and equality before the law and in the sight of God. And we insist that whatever else is undertaken, this work shall be carried forward with ever increasing energy, until every woman stands before the world self-possessed, clothed with all human and civil rights and privileges, cultured, accomplished, the peer of man—Princess, if not Queen!

NOT TO OUR TASTE.

One of the Methodist *Standards* takes Mrs. Stanton's visit to Mrs. Fair as a text for an article against woman suffrage, and after condemning the impropriety of a woman thus making a call upon a convict, pro ceeds to put the entire movement under ban because some of its advocates do not realize the *Standard's* ideal of Christian womanhood. We fail to see how any Christian can object to Mrs. Stanton's visit to Mrs. Fair without disowning the authority, and disobeying the precept of Jesus. If anything is explicitly taught in the Gospel, it is the duty of visiting the imprisoned; and certainly Mrs. Stanton is not to be censured for performing a duty in which other women, who make a thousand times more professions of piety than she does, are remiss.

Some of the advocates of woman suffrage are not exactly to our taste; so there are women in every Methodist church whom we should point out to our daughters as examples of what ought to be shunned. Is Methodism, therefore, false because some of its professors are hypocrites, and a few of its church-women are vulgar and disagreeable?

Every reform, in its earlier stages, attracts people more remarkable for earnestness of conviction and fervor of feeling, than for completeness of character, or the graces of culture. It has always been so. The English Episcopalians looked upon the early Methodists as a set of crazy fanatics, who were bringing all religion into disrepute by their groaning, and ranting, and shouting, and wailing—their excited meetings, and anguish of soul when under conviction. They ridiculed the excesses of these ignorant men, who turned the country upside down with their vaporings, and turned with contempt from the greatest revival of modern times, because its advocates were rude. But their descendants see their mistake, and would give their right hands to gather back what the church lost by its fastidious short-sightedness; and yet our Methodist brethren repeat the follies of their former enemies, and condemn the greatest reformation of the century, and the centuries, because, forsooth, they do not fancy some of its advocates! Is not this sublime? And yet the first Methodist church in America owed its existence to the faith and zeal of a woman. What did the cultivated and aristocratic Jews, the "best society" of Jerusalem, think of Peter and John?

Women cannot guard too scrupulously the *personnel* of their cause. It should be championed by clean hands, as well as courageous hearts. The best service some women can possibly render the cause, is to let it alone. It suffers for the want of cultivated, accomplished, truly womanly advocates. No woman should ever dream of speaking on the platform unless she has something specially important to say, and can say it with grace and power. If she cannot speak better than the average of the other sex, let her hold her peace, as speaking is evidently not her mission. The best service any woman can possibly render our cause, is to be the best possible woman. Arguments can be answered, the shafts of wit may be parried, the most eloquent appeals may be resisted or forgotten; but the charm of a true womanhood is irresistible as gravitation, and the virtue that goes out from every true woman's life is enduring as the "sweet influence of the Pleiades."

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

Of the two Venuses of Socrates, Venus Urania and Venus Polyhymnia, the former was the type of earthly, the latter of heavenly love. A picture of heavenly love was Shakespeares's Portia, or his Juliet, whose bounty was as boundless as the sea, and whose love was as deep; the more she gave to Romeo the more she had left to give, for the sources of her love were infinite. And such a love as this was that of Heloise for Abelard. She was born in the year 1101, and lived with her uncle, the Canon Fulbert of the Notre Dame, until she was sent to a convent for education. When she returned at the age of eighteen she had attained to the most surprising beauty, and acquired a cultivation of mind far superior to that of the priestly guests whom she met at her father's table, and who were at that time the most learned class of the community. She is described as possessing large and softly-lighted eyes, dazzling teeth, a long and flexible neck, perfect form, and a grace and elegance of carriage that delighted all who saw her.

It was about this time that the fame of Abelard began to claim the attention of the world. He was at once a poet, a philosopher, a theologian. Philosophy was his study, songs his pastime. At sixteen he had won all the laurels the schools could confer, and such was his reputation that even at this age he could find no philosopher to dispute with him. Added to these surprising beauties of the mind was the most perfect grace of person, which procured him among women an admiration superior even to the distinction he enjoyed among men; and it is said that people would come in masses, and oftentimes from a long distance, in order to get a sight of the illustrious Abelard. Having disputed with his teacher and propounded to him questions which it was impossible to answer, he founded a school of philosophy and theology at Milan. Here he was absolutely overrun with pupils, and his name rose higher than ever.

It was about this time, when he was thirty-eight years of age, that he first met Heloise. He proposed to instruct her, taking up his abode in the same house; and to this plan the Canon Fulbert assented, like, the doctor says, the simple-hearted, wooden-headed, ambitious, vain old fool that he was. Then came their infatuation and abandonment to a mad passion. Abelard spent his time writing verses to the canon's niece. Even as Hercules laid down his club and took up his distaff because of the blandishments of Omphale, so did the young priest renounce the staff of the colleges and lend all his intellect to the composition of love songs. If then they had been married all would have been well; but the laws of celibacy for the priest was inexorable. He was no wiser than his age. If he had fought the canons of the church with one-half the energy that he exhibited in attacking the professors of St. Denis, the story of Abelard and Heloise might have been different. But they did not marry, and at length the scandal broke.

Abelard offered to marry her then, and she refused, affirming that his good was more dear to her than her own name of fame. At length he compromised by marrying her secretly, after which she retired to a convent, and he resumed his teachings in Champagne. Here were experienced his most brilliant days, when it was conceded that he was the greatest expounder of philosophy and theology in all Europe. At one time he lectured to upwards of three thousand pupils, who were content to leave the luxuries of Paris to listen to his teachings. Afterwards he was forced to Brittany, where he lived for years, letters passing meantime between him and Heloise.

All this while Heloise lived at her convent, passing her life in goodness, but not forgetful of her love. She became lady abbess, and enjoyed high reputation and respect. After Abelard, now an old man, returned to his native country, he lived but a few years. At his death, his body was carried to Heloise, who had loved him so well—too well—and she received it with tears and in silence. The burial service was read in her presence by Peter the Venerable, after which his ashes were consigned to the earth. Heloise survived him twenty years—a priestess of God, a mourner at the tomb of Abelard.

MANNERS.

Of course every woman reads the *Bazar*. But there is so much truth in these fragrant words from George William Curtis's pleasant article on Musk that we cannot resist the temptation to copy it. Here it is:

"There is a certain smoothness and finish which, when you have once known them to hide deceit and selfishness, are hateful, although, as manner merely, faultless. Musk is sweet. To me it is not in itself disagreeable. But it has become such a mask that when I perceive it I am alarmed, like a railway engineer when he runs over a torpedo. There is danger ahead. I smell it. And my experience is not peculiar—it is shared by very many. If I should perceive it when I am with you, I should instantly say that you had been drinking, or chewing opium, or taking some drug, or that, at least, you had done something that you knew was wrong, and that you were trying to conceal. Manner is a perfume. But perfumes, as we know, may be meant to put us off the scent."

Special Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NAPLES.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I promised to write you something about the ancient kingdom of Naples; but the beauty of this lovely country has so absorbed me that I have neglected many engagements, abandoning myself, body and soul, to the climate and landscape. On my way to Naples I stopped at Vasto, a city of 15,000 inhabitants, situated on the Adriatic sea, and while there I tried to find out something with regard to the state of civilization among the women there.

As for the peasants, the only thing remarkable about them is the luxury which they display in their costumes on Sundays. It is a a regular display of satin gowns, enormous ear-rings and heavy gold chains about the neck. As for the women of the higher classes, their lives are bounded by the cares of the household affairs or of the harvest. They are generally entirely uneducated, nor do they desire to learn anything.

I asked a lady of one of the best families there, what she had been reading lately; she seemed quite offended at my question, and replied, that she had too many family cares to permit of her reading anything except her *Novaine* to the Madonna and to the principal saints.

On St. Peter's day, the peasants, with great parade, brought many presents to the saint whose festival they celebrated. Baskets full of fruits, vegetables, cheese, chickens, hams, all decorated with ribbons and flowers, were brought by their donors, in procession, with a band of music at their head, and placed before the doors of the church. Here the canons took them in the name of St. Peter, and ate them in his honor.

At Naples the common schools are beginning to be better attended, although there are many families there who will not send their children to them, saying that they are Protestant schools, and this for the simple reason that neither priests nor nuns are teachers there. Young girls at Naples have but one object in life—to find a husband. As the laws and customs of society regard them always as minors, they prefer slavery under a husband's rule to that under a father's authority. The idea of an independent existence, ennobled by labor, has never so much as crossed their minds.

There are a few young girls who are now attending the normal schools to prepare themselves for teachers, and that is at least one step in advance. You are aware that here no young girl is married without a dowry; but when any one recommends a girl, in the preliminary arrangements, they always say that she is a good manager—that is, that she can iron, wash, cook, sew, and take good care of a family; in fine, she buys with her dowry and with her person the position of chief domestic in the house, while, if she has no dowry, she is the only servant in the home; adding to her humble occupations the sublime functions and sorrows of maternity.

I know of no remedy for the present condition of women here, but to arouse a taste for reading and study among them—a taste, by the way, which is wholly dormant among the Neapolitans; and yet they are naturally very bright and intelligent, quick at repartee, and charming in manners.

The middle classes scarcely ever travel anywhere, and, therefore, their ideas remain fixed in the narrow circle to which they are limited.

The environs of Naples are most fascinating. Near Naples, Castelleware tempts one with its cool sea breezes and its Hotel Royal, where one can find all the comforts of a large city. Yet, while many foreigners frequent the place, no Neapolitains are to be met there. There is a very marked difference between the women of the North and of the South of Italy. This is doubtless due to the great *clerical* influence which has been so all-powerful in the Southern provinces, and which still exists, though there are, here and there, symptoms of its waning power. I do not doubt that there is a nobler future for these provinces, for the women have a singularly determined character and the most ardent sensibilities.

Let me give one characteristic circumstance. In 1850 one of my uncles, who was president of a criminal court in Portenza, a town in Calabria, had to try a woman who had instigated her husband and sons to assassinate an enemy of the family; they waylaid and murdered him as he went through a forest. While the murderers were at their bloody work, this woman seated herself at the highest window of the house to watch the deed, and there, with a rosary in her hand, she prayed to the Virgin Mary to strengthen the arms of her sons, that they might strike their victim well and fatally!

In this same country there are women who have fought side by side with their husbands and sons, and they are real heroines in their contempt of danger and of death.

Now the breeze moves me to follow it, and I am going to Sorrento. Adieu.

Yours, Aurelia Cimino,

NAPLES, July 31, 1871. FOLLIERO DI' LUNA.

ANOTHER DOOR OPEN.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I see by an article in your editorial notes, of August 3d, that you were not aware that the Nebraska University admits women as well as men to its full privileges. Such is the fact, and it will be open for students of both sexes on the 7th of September next. We also have secured an article in the State constitution, just finished, giving the legislature the right to allow the women to vote on woman suffrage from year to year, until the vote is carried, which cannot, it is thought, exceed two or three years. The cause is rapidly progressing, and eventually women of this State will have all the rights they ask for. THE REVOLUTION is doing much good here, and many who do not subscribe for it subscribe to its sentiments, and read it when they have a chance.

LINCOLN, NEB., Aug. 19, 1871. JUNIUS.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SCENES.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

People here manage agreeably to reconcile a sort of Italian leisure with the thorough pace of modern British society; and where will you find any much faster? Neither Yankee nor Parisienne first sat for the portrait of the girl of the period. Our American women, blessed with wholesome temperaments, lead a lively life without any tinge of viciousness. Behind the cretonne curtains Virtue makes her beauty sleep till late breakfast hours, though it is quite *de rigeur* to take a morning drive about sunrise, and then return to bed till the 11 o'clock chocolate is ready. These late breakfasts in the French style are just dinner in old-fashioned Yankee way, set an hour ahead. Delicate broiled meats, salads, piquant vegetables, and cups of beef tea, in place of soup, followed by chocolate, fruits and wines, make an inviting repast, at which it is fashionable to eat well.

Then the tour goes into fancy work. Such yards of lace, linen, worsted, and ticking work are the proceeds of a New London summer that you cannot charge the ladies here with being idle butterflies. But what is ticking-work? you ask. It is the last new fashion of embroidery done with silks in bright colors on fine French bed-ticking for chair covers and cushions. It is so odd, incongruous and rapid, that every one is delighted with it. Croquet is "passed." It is elegant to use homely English phrase instead of the French everybody was talking so glibly three or four years ago. There is an exclusive simplicity about it which delights the lofty humility of ten-year-old rich families.

I've been trying to make up my mind between two beauties—one slim and quick, like a Parisian, who dresses in ecrufoulard, with tea-roses in her bonnet, and yards of lovely tinted valenciennes about her, and a plump, white girl, who was born, not like Venus of the foam, but must have been a dairy product, she is so smooth and milky white; and her hair, ropes of it all her own, is seven different shades of blonde, as you view it in different lights. She doesn't wear blue—everybody wears that, from the Crown Princess down. My lady walks in beauty like the night, in white, clear muslin, with apple-green ribbons; at least, so she was dressed as she sat among the geraniums at Mrs. Somebody's garden party. I never should go to another New London party if I mentioned names.

But there's no harm in saying the claret cup is plentiful, if it is made with an eye to economy in the wine; and the way Scotch reels are danced *a la* Lorne and Princess Louise is very exhilarating when it isn't such hot weather. People here sleep and take their luncheon, and go to their intimate friends in funny chintz looped dresses, like china shepherdesses, or write books in lovely little libraries lined with chintz paper, and curtained and carpeted to match, and in the afternoon and evening they drive, and at night act impromptu theatricals. I would like to tell you about the heiress from Bangor, with her three millions, who has lighted here to preen her wings, but I haven't any ill-will against the lady, and I don't want to bring scores of men with black dyed moustaches down after such relishing game. It's her fourth season though, and she knows quite well her own worth. It's safer to speak of the dresses—all from Paris, even to the becoming waterproof costume she is fond of wearing on doubtful days, which, with its gross grain trimmings, is quite as pretty a suit as one often sees.

What do you think is the last style out? Pink muslin over black velvet skirts. All the dark haired women admire it. The blondes wear white cashmere upper dresses over black silk. By the way, there are blondes

and blondes as you know; and the caprice now is to admire the style with light hair and light brown complexion, with dark eyes; a sort of Southern blonde, possessed usually of a dangerous temperament, which, in these days of poisoning cases, adds to the piquancy of admiring her. To think of those suspected women passing the long, hot, terrible days in prison, watching the dropping away of friends, and the gathering cloud of conviction against them! I cannot think them guilty. It is so much against nature and woman's nature to ply such hellish arts as those laid to to these accused, the one in Baltimore and the other in Stamford, not so far away. It were easier to believe that the Borgia were less guilty than repute would have her, than to believe that apparently amiable wives and hostesses can so belie the blood in their veins. But what has this to do with this letter? Only sunshine and chocolate and lace parasols belong to the theme when one writes from New London.

SHIRLEY DARE.

NEW LONDON, CONN., August, 1871.

THOSE DAUGHTERS AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The question is not whether Mr. Greeley's daughters are to be forced into unpopular proprieties by entering the political arena, but will the right of suffrage give the suffering portion of one half of the human race the power, in some measure, to protect themselves?

If I had two daughters standing between my duty and the vanguard of a great, glorious, humane cause, my prayer to the God of my fathers should be, for courage to leap over their prostrate forms on, on to victory.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1871. J. S. E.

Miscellany.

DOGS AND ANTELOPES.

Grace Greenwood, in one of her sprightly and sparkling letters from the West, writes as follows, of two objects of interest: "The Colorado plains, through which the Denver Pacific Road passes, would be dreary enough were it not for the distant view of the mountains vouchsafed to us most of the way. These plains are, for the most part, arid, producing little but prickly pear, cactus, thistles, white poppies, and wormwood, and supporting nothing but antelopes, prairie-dogs, and their reputed fellow-lodgers, owls and rattlesnakes. The railroad passes directly through a large old dog-town, an object of particular interest to me. I was immensely amused by watching the smaller canines, the mothers and children, scamper away and hide at our approach, while the grave old fellows sat up on the mounds, over their holes, quietly gazing at the train as it passed.

"About one large mound some half dozen citizens were gathered, seeming to be in solemn council—perhaps discussing the Darwinian theory—perhaps holding an indignation meeting, and denouncing railroad monopolies and outrages; for I understand that the right of way through their ancient borough and their fair hunting-ground was not honorably purchased by the Denver Pacific Railroad Company. But a time of reckoning may yet come; "the dog will have his day." When our wise and goodly men of the Indian Commission have settled our little border difficulties—have made the *amende honorable* to the Ogallalla Sioux, and restitution to the Arapahoes for all their robberies, and soothed the lacerated feelings of the Apache, they will perhaps turn their philanthropic efforts toward righting the wrongs of these canine colonists of the prairies.

The next animated object of interest that I saw was an antelope, standing at a respectful distance, and watching with mild curiosity the passing of the engine—that strange, snorting, long-tailed monster, that had thrown antelope speed and endurance into the shade. A young Nimrod, fresh from New England, deceived by the rare purity of the atmosphere, lamented that he had not his rifle handy, as he was sure he could have brought her down. But an old hunter smiled, and said she was far enough beyond rifle-range. These pretty creatures, since the great irruption of sporting barbarians, have grown very wise and wary. Yet nature did them an ill-turn, originally, in affixing to them a mark by which they can be seen, and a "bead drawn" on them at a great distance. It renders them especially liable to attacks in the rear, which reminds me of a little story. A small Colorado boy, who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of great excitement, saying he had seen some antelepes in a gulch near by. At his entreaty, his mother went out to look at them but nothing of the kind was found. She became incredulous, and said at last: "I don't believe you saw any antelopes; it must have been your imagination, my child?" To this, the little mountaineer indignantly responded: "Humph! I guess my imagination isn't white behind!"

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A shrinking, retiring, near-sighted woman waits among the Yorkshire hills, saying wistfully to herself, "What shall I do?" It has been a long, sore trial to wait and watch as she has done. In her lifetime she has known not a few of her own age who have long since solved that problem; some are wedded and happy in their homes; others have found their true place as teachers, writers, or artists, and are crowned already with honor. This woman has had great sorrows, and sore losses, and her day is wearing on into the afternoon, still she has heard no voice bidding her go work in the vineyard.

There is a letter written to Wordsworth while she stands there in the market-place waiting for the Master, that is, in my opinion, the most pathetic cry ever heard in our lifetime. "Sir," she says, "I earnestly entreat you to read and judge what I have sent you. From the day of my birth to this day I have lived in seclusion here among the hills, where I could neither know what I was nor what I could do. I have read, for the reason that I have eaten bread, because it was a real craving of nature, and have written on the same principle. But now I have arrived at an age when I must do something. The powers I possess must be used to a certain end; and as I do know them myself, I must ask others what they are worth; there is no one here to tell me if they are worthy; and if they are worthless, there is no one to tell me that. I beseech you to help me." What she sends to Wordsworth, then, is poor; she has written many volumes, all poor; has waited in the market-place and done no work; but, at last, the Master, walking there, sees her wistful face turned towards him, and says: "Go into my vineyard." Then she bends over some small folded sheets of coarse paper, until her face almost touches them, and in one book she storms the heart of England and America, and in the one hour that was left her she won her penny.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE REVOLUTION.—TERMS.

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Special Notices.

A LADY wishes a position as Assistant Editress, or would act as New York Correspondent. Has had experience on a daily paper; can write editorials on current topics, book reviews, etc., and is competent to correct proofs. Will not leave the city. Address AUTHORESS, No. 29 Morton St., New York.

A LIVELY DOCTOR YET.—Certain parties, moved by malicious jealousy of the merited success of the great chemist and advertiser, Dr. H. T. Helmbold, are trying to squelch him by printer's ink—a capital mistake. The Buchuſic advertiser knows all about that compound, and his chemistry enables him to change it to gold. He has amassed his princely fortune by compounding valuable medicines and advertising them with liberality and generosity. The latest *fiasco* of his envious enemies was their trying to make a trivial accident to the doctor, while gunning, a medium of attack by magnifying it into an attempt at *felo de se*. The indomitable pharmaceutist is not to be thus put out of the way. He can be seen every day at No. 594 Broadway, hard at work as ever directing his mammoth manufactory, and arranging advertisements to bring his remedies to the knowledge of all. He intends to be the most eminent and wealthy chemist in the world, and, moreover, to link his name with remedies which will maintain the foremost rank as long as medical science shall exist. His star is yet in the ascendant. His flag still floats. "Long may it wave."

WANTED, all the numbers of THE REVOLUTION from June, 1870, to 1871, for which a liberal price will be paid.

WE regard MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP as invaluable for the purposes for which it is designed, and would have it if its price were double what it now is. We shall do all in our power to introduce it among our friends and acquaintances.—[Henry A. Hitchcock, Sturbridge, Mass.] It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, and sure to regulate the bowels; gives rest and health to the child, and comforts the mother.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDSHIP.—Reader, if any person for whom you have the slightest regard is suffering from a cough or cold, or difficulty of breathing, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, show your friendship by entreating him to use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Its efficacy can never be questioned for a moment by any one who has tried it, or witnessed its effects. A single bottle is sufficient in all ordinary cases. The price is fifty cents, and the article will be found at every drug store. Large size bottles $1, which are much the cheapest.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.—In days past, among the unenlightened, and up to the present time, in our day and generation, no one article of drug has been in as frequent use, or considered more reliable, than Buchu. Scarcely a druggist among us but manufactures and has on sale a fluid extract of Buchu. None of these, however, have attained the rare celebrity as that of which H. T. Helmbold, of 594 Broadway, New York, is manufacturer and proprietor. His contains other ingredients, all of which are freely mentioned in his advertisement, and are named in the dispensatory in use by all colleges of pharmacy and by regular physicians. Add to this the fact that these same regular physicians are recommending it in all cases of diseases of the kidneys and their connecting organs, is certainly an evidence that this medicine possesses virtues seldom accorded to advertised remedies.

There are counterfeits of this, the genuine, in existence; so those buying should see they get none other than that of Helmbold's. His may be readily known, as each bottle has his name blown upon the glass.—*Springfield Republican.*

Extract from the New York Tribune.

THE COMPLETION OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE!—The work upon the bridge is proceeding rapidly, and when finished, few persons can estimate the effects upon our neighboring city. Brooklyn's material progress has been the marvel of statisticians; every decade it has almost doubled its population, and has been for years the favorite residence of large numbers of our bankers and wholesale merchants. A first-class retail business has been fostered there, and, in especial, the manufacture of fine furniture. Brooklyn can boast of many fine furniture establishments, which employ artists who design the most elaborate patterns, and workmen who execute the choicest work. Prominent among these is the house of Messrs. Lang & Nau, Nos. 292 and 294 Fulton street. Their establishment is located about the proposed terminus of the new bridge. These gentlemen have added new warerooms, and are prepared to fill any orders in their line. We believe that at no distant day the two cities will be united. We call the attention of our New York readers to the establishment of Messrs. Lang & Nau. It can be reached now by any of the cars leaving the foot of Fulton street, in from five to eight minutes, and a visit of those intending to refurnish their houses will repay them well.

Extract from the New York Times.

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We have also in port, and will exhibit in a few days, a magnificent collection of the finest Coventry make of
BROCHE TARTANS,
After the new original designs of
Mr. SCOTT ADDIE, of London.

These goods are exactly the same as have been prepared for a leading London house, for the Court trade of the approaching season, and special attention is therefore invited.

FREDERICK LOESER,
291 FULTON STREET.

We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of
ENGLISH HOSIERY,
on the bases of 63 cents on the dollar, which we shall offer for sale on
MONDAY NEXT,
THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.
They comprise 165 dozen
CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.
144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.
110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.
118 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, very fine, At 42 cts. per pair.
82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 cts. per pair.
ALSO,
303 pieces BLACK GUIPIRE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.
We invite special attention to the above article, as we guarantee that the above announcement of their purchase at 63 cents on the dollar is entirely correct.

FREDERICK LOESER,
291 FULTON STREET,
We offer a rich
FRENCH TWIST FRINGE
At 50c. per yard
also,
A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at 25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20.00 PER DAY) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep15 1y

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Of all modern and fashionable styles, it is at

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Comparatively strangers a year ago, they have succeeded in taking a stand with the first houses in the country, by their desire to give perfect satisfaction to all parties who may call, whether purchasing or not. They have been compelled to add the upper floors of one of the adjoining houses to fully show their large assortment of

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SOLID WALNUT MANTLES,

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TOGETHER WITH

CONNECTING CORNICES

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DRAPERIES,

AND PURE

HORSE-HAIR

UPHOLSTERY.

Young housekeepers especially should not forget this firm, at

292 AND 294 FULTON STREET.

(*From the Rural New Yorker.*)

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—This valuable article is increasing in popularity as its merits become more widely known. The Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* says: "The celebrity of Merchant's Gargling Oil, and its efficacy in all cases where an external application would seem to be required, are now unquestioned. It has proved itself, by the sure test of experience, to be emphatically "good for man and beast," and is the best liniment in the world for which it is advertised. Thousands of testimonials, dating from 1833, have been received by the manufacturers, testifying to the almost marvelous cures wrought by it. Our Western readers know its merits too well to render anything from us necessary Mr. John Hodge, Secretary of the Manufacturing Co., Lockport, N. Y., stands high in the esteem of the community where he resides, and has also won the confidence of our merchants and dealers by the fairness and liberality of his dealings."

MERCHANT'S

Gargling Oil

IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	*Rheumatism,*
Chilblains,	*Hemorrhoids or Piles,*
Sprains and Bruises,	*Sore Nipples,*
Chapped Hands,	*Caked Breasts,*
Flesh Wounds,	*Fistula, Mange,*
Frost Bites,	*Spavins, Sweeney,*
External Poisons,	*Scratches, or Grease,*
Sand Cracks,	*Stringhalt, Windgalls,*
Galls of all kinds,	*Foundered Feet,*
Sitfast, Ringbone,	*Cracked Heels,*
Poll Evil,	*Foot Rot in Sheep,*
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Toothache, &c., &c.,	*Lame Back, &c., &c.*

Large Size, $1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

The Gargling Oil has been in use as a Liniment for thirty-eight years. All we ask is a *fair trial*, but be sure and follow directions.

Ask your nearest druggist or dealer in patent medicines, for one of *our* Almanacs and Vade Mecums, and read what the *people* say about the Oil.

The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the *United States and other Countries.*

Our *testimonials* date from 1833 to the present, and are *unsolicited.* Use the *Gargling Oil*, and tell your neighbors what good it has done.

We deal fair and liberal with all, and defy contradiction. *Write for an Almanac or Cook Book.*

Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

—BY—

MERCHANT'S

Gargling Oil Company,

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y

From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

GARGLING OIL.—Merchant's Gargling Oil has become a family necessity, and few people attempt to get on without a supply of the article on hand. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries. The sale of the medicine has rapidly increased under the judicious and vigorous management of its able and accomplished Secretary of the Company, John Hodge, Esq.

From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL has become one of the most popular Liniments for human flesh that is now prepared, while for horses and cattle it has no equal in the world. We are assured by those who have used it for the piles—one of whom is a distinguished physician—that among all the various pile remedies none afforded such speedy relief as the Gargling Oil.

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VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

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MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

They are not a vile **Fancy Drink,** Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors,** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, **free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.** They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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